A ROSE OF NORMANDY

By WILLIAM R. A. WILSON

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"Get up, you rogue, or I shall turn you over to the authorities for an escaped prisoner," was Tonti's reply, as he stepped back with hand leaning on his weapon, so as to have it ready for another outbreak. "Why and how do you come here, who are you, and what do you want?"

The man arose and stood facing him with a respectful air, as he replied:

"Why do I come? A cornered mouse makes scant choice of holes. How? Over the roofs. My name? Jean Pompon Comarin, a votre service, Monsieur; usually called Pompon for short by my intimates, a privilege I gladly extend to you." (A muttered "Peste! much I want of your privileges" from Tonti.) "My present residence is an unknown quantity; for the past six years one of the lowermost dungeons of the Bastille. My wants? Simple: merely food and a hiding-place. I sought first to frighten you, thinking you to be as big a fool as those simple-minded children out there." He pointed out the window to the square where the crowd had been. "Then, thinking you were an ally of Colbert, I sought to kill you; finding you neither, I wish to be your friend."

For a moment Tonti stared at his companion, then, glancing at his outstretched hand and impudent smile, he placed his sword on the table, fell into his chair, and, lying back with one leg thrown over its arm, laughed until the tears blinded him and courged down his cheeks.

"Ventre Saint Gris! but I would not have missed this exhibition, no, not for a thousand pistoles. What a face and ears and teeth and—cospetto! in a moment he is changed from a devil into a man. Then, too, his story—ha, ha! 'A cornered mouse makes scant choice of holes,' not badly spoken. I may call him 'Pompon' if I choose; he wishes to be my friend. I am overwhelmed with honors. But look you, friend Pompon," here he sat up and his face became sober as a thought seemed to strike him, "do you not admit that you are the prisoner about to be executed that I saw but a short while back carried along by the frightened crowd?"

The man nodded.

"How did you get your wrists untied?"

"Some friendly hand cut the rope while I was struggling in my escape."

"And where got you yon dagger that you seemed so anxious to present me with a moment ago?"

"The same friendly hand that loosed me slipped it into my palm as I passed by. Entering an empty building, I hid upon the roof. I crept along to this house, and looking over the edge, I saw the casement open, and hearing no sound, thought the room was vacant. Knowing that as long as darkness continued I would escape detection by any in the street below, I lowered myself in."

"Well done, Pompon; it seems that thou hast something besides popping eyeballs in that head of thine. Dame! if your plight does not appeal to me. Since when have you eaten and drunken?"

"Not since yesterday morning, Monsieur."

"Hein! then you must first of all be filled. Open yon door and from the shelf get the remains of a game-pie and that bottle of wine you will find there. 'Tis all I have, but you may share."

The man obeyed; and after draining a glass of red wine, he closed the closet door without touching the pie, and, going to the window, peered forth.

"It is a bold mouse that makes its nest in the cat's ear," he said, as he pointed to a group of soldiers who issued from a neighboring house, entered the next, and disappeared.

"Ma foi! a search party!" ejaculated Tonti. "'Tis only a short time before they will be here. What shall I do with you? You are too large for my closet, and there is nothing else in which you could hide."

"Perhaps Monsieur has clothes I could disguise myself in."

"Yes, I have here," as he opened a drawer in the wardrobe, "the garb of an Italian fisherman I brought with me to Paris for a servant. But my money went; then he did also."

"An empty purse frightens away friends," Pompon remarked.

"Peste! Yes, 'tis the way of the world. Here they are, but you will need a stain of some sort for your face. Six years in the Bastille does not give the tan that the sun does on the Bay of Naples. While you dress I shall try and find something."

"Go into the first cabaret on the Rue de la Tanerie, and whisper in the ear of the cabaretier the words 'Remember sixty-four,' tell him what you want, and he will give it to you."

Tonti heard this with a look of surprise, but wasted no time. He soon returned with a bottle of the desired dye. Pompon meanwhile had exchanged his prison garments for those of a Neapolitan peasant. A touch here and a twist there from Tonti soon made him right. The stain which Pompon skilfully applied, and a red kerchief about his head so arranged as to hide in a great measure the scar on his forehead, altered his appearance so that Tonti himself was astounded.

"Mille tonnerres!" he exclaimed. "I defy even your jailer to recognize you now. When they come you can play the servant, busy in the dark corner there polishing my sword. I shall pretend that you are dumb. If spoken to, make signs, and do not be surprised if I address you in Italian. Now take your place and we can talk until the party arrives. Tell me your story. 'Twill help pass the time."

So saying, he tipped his chair back, and with his feet on the table looked the comfortable listener that he was. Pompon, after placing the bottle of wine and a glass near his elbow, retired to the corner indicated, and, taking the sword, began to rub it vigorously.

"Since Monsieur wishes it," he began, "I shall tell him what I can. That is small enough return for his saving my life now. I was born in Provence, not far from Marseilles. 'A child born in the new moon will encounter great perils in life' is a well-known Provencal saying. It was surely true in my case, for my whole life can be best described in one sentence—'Out of the pan, into the coals.' Not to weary you, I shall skip the early years up to the time I entered the service of M. Fouquet."

"The late superintendent of finance?" interrupted Tonti in some surprise.

"The same. For ten years I was one of his confidential servants. When M. Colbert, as intendant, set about to ferret out something by which he could cause M. Fouquet's downfall, I was employed to watch M. Colbert. He was too strong for us. You know the rest; how M. Fouquet was finally disgraced and confined in the fortress at Pignerol. Whether he be dead or no (le bon Dieu rest his soul!) I know not. Colbert wished to be revenged on me for having thwarted his plans so long, but could do nothing until he got one of his creatures, an innkeeper Feriol, to swear that I had tried to induce him to join me in a plot to murder the king. This was excuse enough, so after five years' imprisonment in the Bastille, I was sent to the galleys in the hope that I would be killed. After three years of that life I escaped, was recaptured, and sent back to the Bastille. That was six years ago. They tried their utmost there to incite me to violence so that they could have a new excuse to execute me. They dared not kill me without some cause, for many of M. Fouquet's friends are alive still, and wield sufficient power to make it hazardous for even Colbert to attempt anything like that without some shadow of legal right. They finally succeeded, however. A fellow-prisoner, a feeble old man whose cell adjoined mine, was so ill-treated before my very eyes that I grew reckless and killed his assailant in my rage at their inhumanity. Hence my condemnation and attempted execution to-day."

"Well done, mon brave," cried Tonti. "Just what I should have done myself. A feeble old man—sangue di Dio! It makes by blood boil to think what my poor old father may be this moment suffering. He incurred the displeasure of the king and mazarin, and was imprisoned while I was away on my first campaign. No word can I get of him. No, not even the place of his imprisonment. Ah! Louis! Louis! you accept the oath of the son to fight for you, to die for you, and

YOU ACTED YOUR PART TO PERFECTION.

yet the nobler father lies languishing in some slimy dungeon, his services unrewarded, his very name forgot. Mon Dieu! and if it were not for my oath and my father's last words to me that in the years to come the king would need the service of every loyal heart and wrist, I vow by Saint Denis, and the finger bone of holy Sainte Anne I saw at Rome, I would try my sword whether or no it could pierce the stone you wear in place of a heart—Ha! I hear the sound of soldiers on the stairs. To work, Pompon, and may Saint Anthony of Padua carry us through in safety!"

A loud knock at the door and a gruff voice crying, "Open, in the king's name!" He hesitated, then began to sing. A second call, more peremptory than the first, followed.

'Hola!" he exclaimed in a loud tone, "I believe I heard some one at the door. Entrez! whoever you are." And thus speaking, he turned his head and looked over his shoulder at an officer of the guards who stood in the doorway, while the heads of three soldiers were seen behind him.

"Diamine!" he cried in well-feigned surprise. "Soldiers! And led by my old friend Bertrand. Sit here, mon ami, and tell me how you came to find me out."

The officer addressed, as fine a specimen as any in the king's service, gave him his hand and shook it heartily, laughing as he did so.

"Mon Dieu! Captain de Tonti, where did you come from? You were far from my thoughts, mon ami, when I entered. I knew not that you lodged here. I am after different game. I am on a hangman's errand. That accursed criminal that escaped in the crowd in the square below is supposed to be in hiding somewhere near, and I am detailed to give all the houses in the vicinity a careful search. Have you seen or heard anything of the rascally rogue?"

"Not I" said Tonti. "Neither rogue nor rascal have I seen this day. No one has been here save my servant Jacopo and myself. We two are a jolly company. He has no tongue, hence cannot answer back when I scold him. Wait until I tell him to fetch another glass. Hola! Jacopo!"—then he muttered an Italian phrase that was unintelligible to his companions. At this the supposed servant arose, and, placing a second glass on the table, retired to his corner without uttering a sound. Bertrand looked at him sharply, then turned to Tonti and said:

"Where got you yon pirate? From one of your Mediterranean campaigns?"

Tonti noticed his glance, but said nothing until he had carefully filled his friend's glass and then his own.

"Ma foi! You would call him pirate in truth did you but know his history. Some day I shall tell it you. It is too long to begin now. Dame! but I believe I did hear some slight sound on the roof an hour or more ago. I thought it but the scurrying of rats; they are plentiful enough here, God knows. Perchance, though, he whom you seek is up there. Let your men search the roofs and chimneys while you tarry here with me until their return."

The temptation was strong, and Bertrand, after giving an order to the men, sat down with his chair facing the open door so that he could see if any one appeared in the passageway.

"How like you my lodging?" cried Tonti, merrily. "I regret that the tapestries and hangings are down to be cleaned to-day, while the carved furniture has all been sent to be polished for a levee I intend to hold next week. Then, too, see what a view in two directions. Fresh air is healthful, my leech tells me, while the higher up one lives, the nearer Heaven. How now, man, why so sad?" he continued, as he saw that his companion did not enter into the spirit of his talk.

"Ah me!" sighed the burly guardsman. "'Tis the same old tale: a pretty face; an insolent fellow's sneer; a quarrel; a duel."

"Mordioux!" exclaimed Tonti, in mock horror. "Know you not of the king's edict against duelling? For shame, a guardsman too!" and giving way to a burst of merriment, he laughed and beat the table with his fist.

"You would have done the same yourself," replied his friend, ruefully. "Such features! Such eyes! Such teeth! What mischievous glances, and what a slender waist!"

"Come, tell me all about it," argued Tonti, as he realized the necessity of keeping the guardsman interested until the return of his men. "Is she court-bred?"

"No. Methinks a flower from Brittany or Poitou."

"Tall, fair, and gentle-born?"

"Yes, and regal as a queen."

"Her name?"

"I know not; only this: she has the protection of Mademoiselle, the adoration of all true men and the hate and envy of all the court ladies."

"So wondrous beautiful," mused Tonti. "Then the king will get her."

"No. For Mademoiselle loves not her royal cousin overmuch at present, and will see to it that he gains no sight of her. I have seen her but once myself, and that at a distance. 'Tis but few have even that privilege."

"Ah well, mon ami, you may win her yet.—Hein! here are your men returning from their rat-hunt empty handed. Remember, though, the proverb we have in Tuscany: 'In buying a horse and in taking a wife, shut your eyes tight and commend yourself to God.'"

Bertrand laughed, and emptying his glass, arose and joined his men, saying in parting: "Don't let your pirate stray far from home, mon cher Tonti, or some one will arrest him on suspicion," and was soon clattering down the stairs.

Tonti waited until they had time to gain the street when he laughed gayly at his companion.

"Parole d'bonneur! mon cher, Pompon, but you acted your part to perfection. I shall recommend you to M. Racine for a place in his next tragedy; or perhaps the king would have you in a masque or ballet."

"Your speech, too, was excellent, Monsieur," responded Pompon. "You know that love, bravery, and necessity make men good orators. But tell me one thing, Monsieur. That guardsman called you Capt. de Tonti. Is that your name?"

"Certainement," was the reply. "Henri de Tonti, captain in the king's forces in his Italian campaigns."

"You spoke of a father being in captivity," persisted his questioner.

"Yes, my father, Lorenzo Tonti, was a Neapolitan banker, but siding with the people in a rebellion, he was compelled to flee to France. He proposed to Mazarin a plan of insurance that would fill the empty coffers of the king, if successfully conducted. The Cardinal, anxious to have all the credit himself, carried out my father's plans only in part. Failure was the result, and the anger of a hateful minister and a mortified king was visited upon him. He was imprisoned while I was away on my first campaign. I have searched and pleaded for information of his whereabouts in vain. Thinking I might gain favor with the king and thus influence him to release my father, I have accepted post after post of danger and difficulty and been victorious. But appeals to his justice and generosity have alike been to no purpose. A second trial was made of my father's scheme by Mazarin before his death. They adhered to his plan strictly and were successful. The king's treasury was full enough to commence a foreign war; his minister was rewarded; the brain that contrived and the hand that planned were allowed to remain languishing behind a prison door."

Pompon listened attentively with a strange light in his eyes. When Tonti had finished speaking he said slowly and with a tone of conviction:

"My gray-haired prison friend was your father."

"Ah, Cielo!" exclaimed Tonti, starting up. "The one for whom you slew the jailer?"

"The same."

With one leap Tonti seized his arm roughly, and eagerly inquired: "And he, where is—"

Pompon shook his head sadly. "It was for no purpose. I saved him from a beating, but it was too late. I heard of his death ten days later."

"His death?" cried Tonti in despair. "Yes; starvation."

All energy seemed to depart from the young man's frame and his chin fell upon his chest in grief. "My father dead!" he murmured. "A prison life; an outcast's burial! How bitter the wage for a faithful servant."

The first shock of his emotion past, he raised his head, while his eye flashed in sudden anger.

[To Be Continued.]

Wanted Them All.

A well-known author was once talking with a dilapidated bachelor, who retained little but his conceit. "It is time now," he said, pompously, "for me to settle down as a married man, but I want so much. I want youth, wealth, of course, beauty, grace——"

"Yes," said his fair listener, sympathetically, "you poor man, you do want them all."—Tit Bits.

PECKS BAD BOY ABROAD

The Bad Boy Tells His Uncle About London Fogs—How They Rode First-Class from Liverpool to London—A Visit at "Bill" Astor's Country Place — How "Bill's" Flunkey Sat on a Chestnut Burr.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK.,
(Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Formerly Editor of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc.)

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"Come in, you young heathen," said the groceryman, as the Bad Boy looked through the front door. "It's a foggy morning."

"Foggy?" said the Bad Boy, as he seated himself. "Say, old man, you just ought to see a London fog. If a court sentenced me to live in that town, I would appeal the case, and ask the judge to temper his sentence with mercy, and hang me. The fog there is so thick you have to feel around like a blind goddess, and when you show up through the fog you look about 18 feet high, and you are so wet you want to be run through a clothes wringer every little while. For two days we never left our hotel, but looked out of the windows waiting for the fog to go by, and watching the people swim through it, without turning a hair. Dad was for going right to the lord mayor and lodging a com-

HE WOULD PUNCH 'IS BLOODY 'ED OFF.

plaint, and demanding that the fog be cleared off, so an American citizen could go about town and blow in his money, but I told him he could be arrested for treason. He come mighty near being arrested on the cars from Liverpool to London.

"When we got off the steamer and tried to find the widow who robbed dad of his roll of money, but never found her, we were about the last passengers to reach the train, and when we got ready to get on we found these English cars that open on the sides, and they put you into a box stall with some other live stock, and lock you in, and once in awhile a guard opens the door to see if you are dead from suffocation, or have been murdered by the other passengers. Dad kicked on going in one of the kennels the first thing, and said he wanted a parlor car; but the guard took dad and gave him a shove, and tossed me in on top of dad, and two other passengers and a woman in the compartment snickered, and dad wanted to fight all of 'em except the woman.

"When the door closed dad told the guard he would walk on his neck when the door opened, and that he was not an entry in a dog show, and he wanted a kennel all to himself, and asked for dog biscuit. Gee, but that guard was mad, and he gave dad a look that started the train going. I whispered to dad to get out his revolver, because the other passengers looked like hold-up men, and he took his revolver out of his satchel and put it in his pistol pocket, and looked fierce, and the woman began to act faint, while the passengers seemed to be preparing to jump on dad if he got violent. When the train stopped at the first station I got out and told the guard that the old gentleman in there was from Helena, Mont., and that he had a reputation from St. Paul to Portland, and then I held up both hands the way train robbers make passengers hold up their hands.

"When I went back in the car dad was talking to the woman about her resembling a woman he used to know in the states, and he was just going to ask her how long she had been so beautiful, when the guard came to the side door and called the woman out into another stall, and then one of the passengers pulled out a pair of handcuffs and told dad he might as well surrender, because he was a Scotland Yard detective and had spotted dad as an American embezzler, and if he drew that gun he had in his pocket there would be a dead Yankee in about four minutes. Well, I thought dad had nerve before, but he beat the band right there. He unbuttoned his overcoat and put his finger on a grand army button in his buttonhole, and said:

"'Gentlemen, I am an American citizen, visiting the crowned heads of the old world, with credentials from the president of the United States, and day after to-morrow I have a date to meet your king, on official business that means much to the future peace of our respective countries. Lay a hand on me and you hang from the yard arm of an American battleship.'

"Well, sir, I have seen a good many bluffs in my time, but I never saw the equal of that, for the detective turned white, and apologized, and asked dad and I out to luncheon at the next station, and we went and ate all there was, and when the time was up the detective disappeared and dad had to pay for the luncheon, but he kicked all the way to London, and the guard would not listen to his complaints, but told him if he tried to hold up the train he would be thrown out the window and run over by the train. We had the compartment to ourselves the rest of the way to London, except about an hour, when the guard shoved in a farmer who smelled like cows, and dad tried to get in a quarrel with him, about English roast beef coming from America, but the man didn't have his arguing clothes on, so dad began to find fault with me, and the man told dad to let up on the kid or he would punch 'is bloody 'ed off. That settled it, when the man dropped his "h," dad thought he was one of the nobility, and he got quite chummy with the Englishman, and then we got to London, and dad had a quarrel about his baggage, and after threatening to have a lot of fights he got his trunk on the roof of a cab, and in about an hour we got to the hotel, and then the fog began an engagement. If the fog here ever froze stiff, the town would look like a piece of ice with fish frozen in. Gee, but I would like to have it freeze in front of our hotel, so I could take an ax and go out and chop a frozen girl out, and thaw her till she came to.

"Say, old man, if anybody ever wants to treat you to a trip to Europe, don't come here, but go to some place where they don't think they can speak English. You can understand a Nitalian or a Frenchman, or a Dutchman, who can't speak English, and knows he can't, better than you can an Englishman who thinks he can speak English, and can't, 'don't you know.' Everything is 'don't you know.' If a servant gives you an evening paper he says: ''Ere's your paiper, don't you know,' and if a man should—I don't say they would, but if a man should give you a civil answer, when you asked him the name of a street, he would look at you as though you were a cannibal, and say: 'Regent street, don't you know,' and then he would act as though you had broken him of his rest. Dad asked more than a dozen men where Bill Astor lived, and of all the population of London I don't believe anybody knows, except one newsboy. We rode half a day on top of a bus, through streets so crowded that the horses had to creep, and dad hung on for fear the bus would be tipped over, and finally we got out into the suburbs, where the rich people live, and dad said we were right on the trail of King Edward, and we got off and loitered around, and dad saw a beautiful place, with a big iron fence, and a gate as big as a railroad bridge, and dad asked a newsboy who lived there, and the boy made up a face at dad and said: 'H'astor, you bloke,' and he put out his hand for a tip. It was the first civil answer dad had received in London, so he gave the boy a dollar. The boy fell over on the sidewalk, dead, and dad started to go away for fear he would be arrested for murder, but I kicked the boy, and he got up and yelled some kind of murdered English, and more than a dozen newsboys came on a gallop, and when the boy told them what had happened they all wanted dad to ask them questions.

"I told the boys dad was Andrew Carnegie, and that he was giving away millions of dollars, so when dad got to the gate of the beautiful H'astor place, the boys yelled Andrew Carnegie, and a flunkey flunked the gate open and dad and I went in, and walked up to the house. Astor was on the veranda, smoking a Missouri corn cob pipe, and drinking American beer, and seemed to be wishing he was back home in America. Dad marched right up to the veranda, like a veteran soldier, and Astor could see dad was an American by the dandruff on his coat collar, and Astor said:

"'You are an American citizen and you are welcome. Once I was like you, and didn't care a continental for anybody, but in a moment of passion I renounced my country, swore allegiance to this blawsted country, and

SMOKING A MISSOURI CORNCOB AND DRINKING AMERICAN BEER.

everybody hates me here, and I don't dare go home to collect my rent for fear I will be quarantined at Ellis island and sent back to England as an undesirable emigrant who has committed a crime, and is not welcome in the land where I was born. Old man, have a glass of Milwaukee beer and let's talk of your home and my birthplace, and forget that there is such a country as England.'

"Dad sat down on the porch, and I went out on the lawn chasing peacocks and treeing guinea hens, and setting dogs on the swans, until a butler or a duke or something took me by the collar and shook me till my teeth got loose, and he took me back to the veranda and sat me down on the bottom step so hard my hair raised right up stiff, like a porcupine. Then I listened to dad and Astor talk about

Work and Originality Key to Success

By LESLIE M. SHAW,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Improve; be a slave to your task; play the game alone.

If anyone should come to me, and ask: "What had I better do?" I should answer: "It makes no difference what you do as long as you do it better than it is now geing done.'

Our present standards of work are not advancing. We of the passing generation are not improving. We are doing most things as they were done ten or twenty years ago. we are not working as well as we should. I fancy that most women are baking bread just as they did when they were first married, and that the only reason why their husbands still survive is that they are now able to hire a cook to assist them. If our boys are wanting in one thing more than all others it is the quality of self-reliance. But there is a great difference between self-confidence and self-conceit. Hard work is the other important factor. It is the price of success.

America, and I never saw a man who seemed to be so ashamed that he was a brevet Englishman, as he did. He said he had so much money that it made his head ache to hear the interest accumulate, nights, when he couldn't sleep, and yet he had no more enjoyment than Dreyfus did on Devil's island. He had automobiles that would fill our exposition building, horses and carriages by the score, but he never enjoyed a ride about London, because only one person in ten thousand knew him, and those who did looked upon him with pity and contempt because he had renounced his country to get solid with the English aristocracy, and nobody would speak to him unless they wanted to borrow money, and if they did borrow money from him he was afraid they would pay it back, and make him trouble counting it. He told dad he wanted to get back into

JUST AS THE FLUNKEY FLUNKED ON THE CHESTNUT BURR, THE FIRECRACKER WENT OFF.

America, and become a citizen again of that grand old country of the stars and stripes, and asked dad how he could do it, for he said he had rather work in a slaughter house in America than be a grand duke in England.

"I never saw dad look so sorry for a man as he did for Astor, and he told him the only way was to sell out his ranch in London and go back on an emigrant ship, take out his first papers, vote the democratic ticket and eventually become a citizen. Astor was thinking over the proposition, and dad had asked him if he was not afraid of dynamiters, when he shuddered and said every day he expected to be blown sky high, and finally he smelled something burning and said the smell reminded him of an American Fourth of July.

"You see, I had been sitting still on the step of the veranda so long I got nervous, for something exciting, so I took a giant firecracker out of my pocket and lit the long tail, and shoved it under the porch and looked innocent, and just then one of the flunkies with the tightest pants you ever saw came along and patted me on the head and said I was a nice boy, and that made me mad, and when he went to sit down beside me on the step I took my horse chestnut out of my pocket and put it on the step just where he sat down, and how it happened to come out so I don't know, it must have been Providence. You see just as the flunkey flunked on the chestnut burr, the firecracker went off, and the man jumped up and said: ''Ell's-fire, h'am blowed,' and he had his hands on his pants, and the air was full of smoke and dad got on his knees and said: 'Now I lay me,' and Mr. Astor fainted all over a rocking chair and tipped beer bottles on the veranda and more than 40 servants came, and I told dad to come on, and we got outside the gate, ahead of the police, and got a cab and drove quicker than scat to the hotel, and I ast dad what he thought it was that went off, and he said: 'You can search me,' but he said he had got enough of trying to reform escaped Americans, and we got in the hotel and laid low, and the newspapers told about a dynamite outrage, and laid it to anarchists."

Patrick Henry's Grave.

"Inquiry is made now and then," said James Atkinson, of Philadelphia, "as to where Patrick Henry, the Tongue of the Revolution, is buried. The great orator lies in a quiet grave on the estate in Charlottte county, Virginia, where he formerly lived. Red Hill is the name of the estate, which is on the Staunton river, 38 miles from Lynchburg. When Patrick Henry bought the place it comprised about 3,500 acres. One of the nearest neighbors was the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke, 15 miles away. Red Hill is now owned by Henry's grandson, William Wirt Henry."—Baltimore Sun.

Well Posted.

A quack doctor whose treatment had evidently led to the death of his patient was examined sternly by the coroner.

"What did you give the poor fellow?" asked the coroner.

"Ipecacuanha, sir."

"You might just as well have given him the aurora borealis," said the coroner.

"Well, sir, that's just what I was going to give him when he died."—N. Y. Tribune.

REPUBLICAN HIGH FINANCE.

Secretary Shaw a Fiscal Charlatan Who Is Doing Funny Stunts.

The address of Secretary Shaw before the Ohio Bankers' association at Cleveland, contained some extraordinary statements, if he is correctly reported by the Associated Press. After stating that our monetary system is not perfect, because it is non-elastic, Mr. Shaw said "there will be no further currency legislation until we have experienced a panic," and "we came nearer such a panic September 30, 1902, than most people appreciate. We do not need and must not have inflation. The average amount of money is, in my judgment, abundant. The difficulty lies in the fact that the volume remains stationary." Oh! we must not have inflation. Why, Secretary Shaw must know that inflation is going on every hour and minute. The treasury circulation statement for August 1, 1905, shows an inflation of the total money in circulation of $58,312,789 from the same date in 1904, of which $54,074,011 was an inflation of national bank notes alone. This inflation was intensified during July of this year, which is included in the total already given, for during that month the increase in the circulation of national bank notes was $8,251,589, or at the rate of over $100,000,000 a year.

How is that for inflation? Yet Secretary Shaw says: "The difficulty lies in the fact that the volume of money remains stationary." The secretary of the treasury also seems to have overlooked the enormous gold inflation that is in progress of over $70,000,000 per annum and steadily increasing.

On top of all this inflation the secretary of the treasury would give the national banks the right to issue an amount of currency equal to 50 per cent. of their bonds deposited in the treasury by paying six per cent., upon which the treasury has already issued to the banks full face value. That, according to Shaw, is not inflation, it is merely to tide Wall street over its annual debauch of dear money, "to move the crops"—that is to move the crop of undigested securities.

This high finance is a wonderful institution in green republican hands. They don't want inflation, but they inflate the bladder almost to the bursting point and at the same time declare the volume of money is stationary.

President Roosevelt should call down this fiscal charlatan, or he will make the financial end of the administration a laughing stock to the world, let alone to our own people.

With the tariff trusts holding up prices and inflation helping to inflate the cost of living, those republican policies are making the lot of those with limited incomes a hard one to bear.

BELATED RESTITUTION.

Savings Provided for Widows and Orphans Absorbed by Republicans.

Far greater disclosures of the republican campaign fund graft from the insurance companies are expected by Mr. Hughes, the attorney in charge of the New York investigation. The claim is made that the life insurance companies contributed an aggregate of $1,000,000 in the campaigns of 1896, 1900 and 1904. Of all the republican scandals exposed during the past few years, this campaign fund scandal is the most disgraceful and disastrous to the republican party. It was bad enough to receive donations from the trusts and corporations that were expecting to receive favors, or to do business with the government, but to use the savings, especially provided for the widow and orphan, to debauch the voters of the close states, is beyound measure atrocious.

It is said that President Roosevelt feels the disgrace of this exposure keenly and is planning that restitution be made by having Mr. Cortelyou, the chairman of the republican national committee, return the amount received in 1904. But that would only be a partial restitution, for there would still remain the greater amount received in 1896 and 1900.

The policy holders of these insurance companies have a duty to perform for their families, and that is to insist on the retirement of the management that has plundered their savings and the voters have their duty to perform, which is, "to turn the rascals out" who secured the money.

It is impossible now for the republican party to make restitution to the democrats for their purchase of the election in 1896 and 1900, if not in 1904, with the money furnished by the corporations, trusts and insurance companies, but the voters of the United States can even matters up by refusing to condone the iniquity, by defeating the party that accomplished it.

SMALL FARMERS SUFFERING

Trust High Prices and Unreasonable Railroad Rates Are the Cause.

The report of the commissioner who has charge of taking the state census in Iowa makes the extraordinary statement that "Authorities agree that the loss in population is due to the enlargement of farms, being almost wholly in the rural districts." As the decrease of population has been 30,481, "almost wholly" of the farm population, there must be either a concentration going on by the well-to-do farmers buying out the poorer ones, or the abandonment of farms by those who have not been able to make a living thereon.

Perhaps Secretary Shaw can explain this loss of population, but those who have tried to do so agree, that trust high prices and railroad unreasonable rates are the controlling cause. The poorer farmers, of course, are the first to suffer. And yet Secretary Shaw is advising the farmers in his speeches to "stand pat" on the tariff and railroad rate issue and is to leave the cabinet next February because he disagrees with President Roosevelt on the legislation needed to protect the farmers of Iowa and other states from the plundering trusts and railroad corporations.

The democrats have foretold that conditions, such as prevail in Iowa, would be evenutally prevalent everywhere if protection to trusts and corporations is continued, and now, in spite of good crops and fair prices for farm products, the official record proves their contention.